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June 1. 3m

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DEALER IN BRITISH AND DOMESTIC
GOODS.
NO. 10 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.
June 1. 3m

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NO. 23--VOL. XXVIII

RELIGIOUS.

THE SAILOR.

The following is the address of Sailing Master F. W. MOORES, at the Anniversary of Seamen's Friend Society, on Wednesday, 31st ult. :-

MR. PRESIDENT--I rise, sir, to but the acceptance of this report. But I leave to the question being taken, I mean to offer a few remarks. Time not allow us to review the various parts of this interesting document in detail; will, therefore, with a general glance touch upon this and the objects for which we have this day assembled.

...ordinary character. Far and w

spread through our community, a
spans, which says, let us elevate
sailor to a level with humanity.
trust I shall find in President
the indulgence in recollections of
gone days, should awaken emotion
which may not here be suppressed.
Eight and twenty summers have
passed over my head, since first I labored
upon the sailor's plank. Nurse
it were, upon the sick, and when
morning came, and having with
a bold tar, dared the elements to
no wonder if I should feel myself
tified with the sailor. No wonder
if the sympathetic sigh should have
breast, when I mark the devoted
the sailor, reeling with grief down to
the dark destruction.

Killed before my eyes, drowned
side—crews depopulated by pestilence,
diseases in foreign climes—the wreck
the storm,—have all been witness
participated in by him who now adds
you. But the dark sea has not
yet to be seen. In former days
natural death seemed to pervade the
of the fraternity. Cast out from the
civilized world, scorned by the respect-
citizen, the sailor retired to the murky

taste and habits were soon assimilated.

those of the miserable clan who had
ticed him by their grim smiles,
the string of the latch was never
in. And he learned to love the man
revel, and the fiddle and the dance
with a ship-mate, were the
of his evening pursuit—his pastime
delight. And did not the morrow
him with a battered face, he had,
conventional laws, the forecasket
but poor evidence of his being a
saur.

But the battle over, and the prize
the belligerents joined their tar-
hands again in friendship, and
together proved that there was
extenuate or ought set down in
From these scenes
of joy, of enjoyment, to the
bers of death. The morning fog
slumbering in the whitened sepulch-
noon-day saw him the dupe of the
lord, quaffing the bowl, and dec-
with no small complacency, on a
rious naval movements, and the
hours. But a few days
left the measure of his glory. His
lord being the keeper of his account-
of his purse, the hard earnings

voyage have disappeared. His
is now gone, and his former bo

pansions now lock their doors up from the dance he is now coldly ex- and his landlord has become in- in whose bar-room, half stupefied liquor, he now lingers, waiting for his next victim. Introducing the benediction, which is a round of upon all with whom he has dealings consoles himself: "Well, I had glorious blow out. I am now ship-sick. I am tired of your land and here's off in the first boat to London and landlord will be the trouble of seeking a voyage, for it more convenient to get him on first ship, than have him on land until one congenial and pleasant selected.

The hour arrives for which they being to embark. And when making the sister, the neighbor friend, to bid him adieu, and back in safety to their em- make comfortable his wardrobe up the little keepsake—to her handkerchief a few tracts, as a guide on his path, and to slip a note in it. And so, indeed, the fate of all. Alas! no mother is there to child—no sister to linger upon

in vain has he inquired, who
 neighbor—my friend? He has

What then! To the bottle
 long and deep he drinks the e
 son, until he lies an inert b
 handlord's feet. The victim is
 and with his chest and bugl
 a cart, lugged off to the boat
 to his ship, and put below un
 feels the motion of the ship,
 the deep cataract sounds, fro
 of her bows through the bill
 from his stupor, he exclaim
 I believe I'm off. I wonder
 of a craft they've made me
 Here, then, is a brief throug
 delineation of a sailor's life
 in my day. And who, to
 to inquire, is this being, who
 been rejected by a civilized,
 even Christian community?
 our country sought and found
 the name of scoundrel. Who
 pressed in Europe cried
 gunge of the bard of Erin,

²⁰ A home and a country remain in

did not the sailor stand by
 them to these happy shores,
 were none to molest or to
 to afraid! Was it not through

of the bold navigator, that
and Christianity cleared the

Villages, towns and cities in rapid succession; aye, a city has sprung into being by the